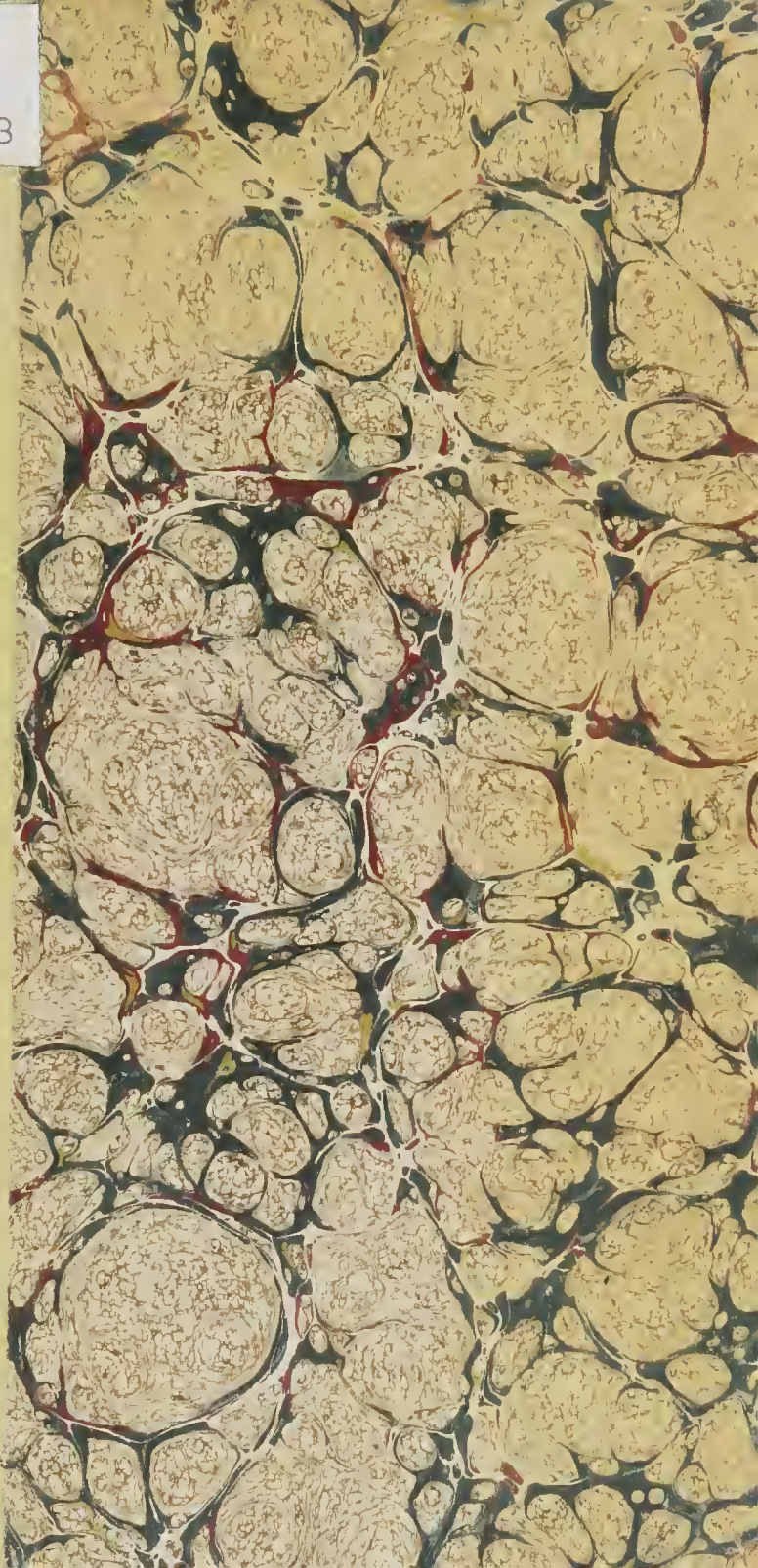


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A STUDY IN ANGLO-GERMAN
LITERARY RELATIONS

BY

L. A. WILLOUGHBY, M.A., PH.D.

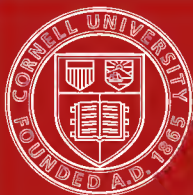
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SAMUEL NAYLOR AND 'REYNARD THE FOX'

IN the 'List of Englishmen present at Weimar' compiled by R. C. Alford for the English Goethe Society¹ occurs the name of Naylor with the following comment: 'Probably S. Naylor, the son of Samuel Naylor, a solicitor. He was a friend of Crabb Robinson's, by whom he is mentioned in the Diaries. In addition to the work *Ceracchi* he translated *Reineke Fuchs* in 1845.'

It was this brief notice which first aroused my interest in the man and which induced me to investigate his writings. I was encouraged by the fact of being in the fortunate position of having access to much unpublished material² concerning Naylor, and I was not restricted to the printed records.³ I was able, consequently, to fill in the details of his life with some degree of accuracy.

¹ *English Goethe Society's Publications*, No. v, 1890, p. 191; vol. vi, 1891, p. 134.

² Mainly the copious Diaries, Correspondence, and Reminiscences of Henry Crabb Robinson still lying unpublished in Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, W.C., on which see J. M. Carré, *Revue Germanique*, viii, No. 4, pp. 34 and 385. In collaboration with Professor R. Priebsch, I hope shortly to publish such letters from Crabb Robinson's German friends as illustrate German intellectual life during the early years of the nineteenth century. There is further the unpublished correspondence between Naylor and Ottilie von Goethe in the Goethe-Schiller-Archiv at Weimar, extracts from which were kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. H. Mutschmann, of University College, Nottingham. Dr. Mutschmann, at the instance of the English Goethe Society, is preparing an edition of letters between Ottilie and her English friends. I had intended to investigate these records in person, when the outbreak of war rendered a journey to Weimar out of the question for the present.

³ Especially the last volume of the *Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft*, 28. Band, 1913: *Aus Ottilie von Goethe's Nachlass*, herausg. von W. von Öttingen, in which, from p. 265 onwards, there are

Samuel Naylor was born in 1809,⁴ the son of Thomas Naylor, of the Parish of St. Anne's, Westminster, gentleman.⁵ This Thomas Naylor was a solicitor and the friend of Crabb Robinson, whose travelling companion he was in August and September 1815, during a tour in Belgium. Thomas Naylor himself was the son of Samuel Naylor sen. of Great Newport Street, in whose office Crabb Robinson was an articled clerk, and of whom he has left pleasant recollections in his Diary.⁶ Of our Naylor we have no record until June 1829, when he wrote to Crabb Robinson to thank him for his 'kind interference' in a family quarrel brought about, apparently, by the marriage of his father to a former servant. When next we hear of him he is in Germany, armed with introductions from Robinson to old Jena friends. Professor Voigt, who had met Naylor during a visit to England, gives him a letter to Otilie von Goethe⁷ and he is soon on an intimate footing with her circle. With Otilie he was soon a great favourite, and was an occasional contributor to her *Chaos*. He reminded her of Sterling, and she hoped that he might

numerous references to Naylor both in the Correspondence and in the Diary. A short biographical notice of S. Naylor, mainly with reference to *Reynard the Fox*, will be found in the *Zs. für Bücherfreunde*, 1911-12, p. 41, note 5, edited by R. Priebisch. For references to both father and son, see the index of *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of H. C. Robinson*, ed. by T. Sadler, 1872.

⁴ The date of S. Naylor's birth is nowhere mentioned in the documents which have come under my notice. But it is easy to fix when we learn from a letter of Otilie to Adèle Schopenhauer that he was twenty-two in 1831 (*Nachlass*, p. 296). Further, Naylor in a letter to Crabb Robinson of March 16, 1862, mentions that he is then fifty-three.

⁵ G. Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1888, vol. iii, p. 1008.

⁶ *Diary*, i, p. 259.

⁷ Letter of February 7, 1831: 'Im Herbst kam eines Tages unerwartet unser trefflicher *Naylor* zu mir! Ich gab ihm einige Zeilen an Frau von Goethe, und er hat bei ihr so guten Beifall gefunden, dass er jetzt Göttingen (wo seit der Revolution v. Januar d. J. kein einziger Student mehr ist) mit Weimar vertauscht hat. Ich hoffe, er kommt auch noch auf einige Zeit nach Jena. Alle Welt schätzt ihn.'

replace him in her affections.⁸ On October 15, 1830, Naylor left to matriculate at the University of Göttingen. The next day, Otilie sent him a lengthy letter in which she reviews their relations to one another. Short as the acquaintance had been—it had only lasted eight days—Otilie's inflammable heart had been deeply stirred by the handsome young Englishman, whilst he had fallen deeply in love. She warns him, however, that her heart is broken, that it belongs to Sterling and Des Vœux,⁹ and he will never be content with the third place in her affections. He had best forget her, or, if he should return to Weimar as he proposes, their relations must be friendly, but no more :

Wollen Sie aber kommen, so bitte ich Sie : lassen Sie uns wie eine neue Bekanntschaft beginnen ! vergessen Sie jedes leidenschaftlich gesprochene Wort, von dem Sie wännen könnten, es bände Sie an mich ! betrachten Sie sich als gänzlich frei ; mich als eine Frau, die keinen Anspruch an Sie zu machen hat, und es gestaltet sich vielleicht noch alles zu Ihrem Frieden ; ja vielleicht zu Ihrem Glück, denn so Viele giebt es hier, die mehr Ihre Neigung verdienen.¹⁰

The renunciation, nevertheless, cost her a mighty effort, and her immediate surroundings noticed a change in her manner. Robert Froriep, one of her German admirers, recognized the cause of her altered behaviour, and resented it :

Wenn Naylor in Weimar bleiben will, so bitte ich Sie, mir etwas über seine Stellung Ihnen vis-à-vis zu schreiben, weil ich dann einiges mit ihm sprechen möchte, um ihn klarer in die Verhältnisse blicken und merken zu lassen, dass man, wenn man eine Aufnahme findet, auch stille Pflichten übernimmt und nicht mit eigener Stimmung andere niederdrücken darf. Man ist nicht in der Welt um sich gehen zu lassen, sondern um sich zusammenzunehmen.—Reist er bald ab, so ist meine Bitte und Vorhaben unnöthig.¹¹

⁸ *Nachlass*, p. 413.

⁹ On Des Vœux and his *Tasso* translation, see my article in the *Modern Language Review*, vol. ix, 1914, p. 223.

¹⁰ *Nachlass*, p. 272.

¹¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 273.

Ottilie's letter of October 23, 1830, in answer to a passionate protestation of devotion from Naylor, breathes the same spirit of renunciation. But, as she expresses herself in her *Tagebuch*: 'Resignation, ich habe sie nicht, denn sie passt nicht in meinen Charakter, ja ich glaube in den keines Menschen.'¹² It was a time when poor Ottilie was much tried, when she had painful scenes with *Des Vœux*.

In a letter addressed to Eckermann, at Nordheim, she recommends to him her new protégé who is now in his neighbourhood. As characteristic of the impression Naylor made upon her, the following extract is of interest :

Einen durchreisenden Engländer muss ich aber erwähnen, der Ihnen unbeschreiblich gefallen würde und jetzt ganz in Ihrer Nähe ist, ein Herr Naylor. Ich weiss, es ist keine bestimmte Ähnlichkeit, und doch musste ich ewig an Sterling dabei gedenken ; sogar in seinem Wesen ist ein grosser Unterschied, denn ihm fehlt dies Überströmen von Jugend, was den Irländer charakterisiert, — dennoch gab mir dies seltsame Durchhören von Sterlings Stimme, wenn Naylor sprach, dieses Durchblicken von Sterlings Seele in einem ernsteren, dunkleren Gewand ein wunderbares Gefühl. Es ist mir, als wären es Stiefbrüder ; als hätten beide dieselbe Mutter gehabt, aber Naylors Vater sei ein Engländer, Sterlings ein Irländer.¹³

On November 10, the news of August von Goethe's death reached Weimar. Ottilie felt herself free ; yet she was conscious that neither a union with *Des Vœux* nor Sterling would ever bring her happiness. She writes to Adèle Schopenhauer on December 11¹⁴ :

Du weisst es ja, ' zu spät ' ist das Losungswort meines Lebens gewesen ; und so wird es auch hier sein.

And it is in this despairing mood that she awaits Naylor's visit :

An diesem Tag kehrt ein junger 22 jähriger Engländer wieder zurück, der, obgleich er nur 8 Tage hier war, mich doch damals durch eine immerwährende Erinnerung an Sterling sehr aufgereggt

¹² *Nachlass*, p. 278.

¹³ *Loc. cit.*, p. 284.

¹⁴ *Loc. cit.*, p. 291.

hatte und seitdem mir durch seine Briefe grossen Kummer gemacht. — Es ist mir bei einer wirklichen Bescheidenheit des Charakters doch nie eine solche Überzeugung, dass ich ihn liebe und lieben muss, vorgekommen, — und er macht mir den Eindruck einer Art Pygmalion, der überzeugt ist, dass die Glut seines Busens sich selbst zuletzt dem Stein mittheilen muss. Bald mehr von ihm — wie dies enden soll, begreife ich gar nicht.¹⁵

Of this meeting in Weimar with Naylor we have no further information. Shortly after her husband's death Otilie seriously considered the possibility of a union with her former lover Sterling, without, however, entirely giving up all thoughts of *Des Vœux*. But Goethe had made it clear that a second marriage of his daughter-in-law would entail a complete severance of all relations with her. In the meanwhile, the intimacy with Naylor was continued in letters, which grow more affectionate as time goes on. Naylor, it appears, had kept Otilie informed of his travels, of his doings in Göttingen, even of his relations to other women. There is an interesting letter of his from Rotterdam of March 19, 1831, with an account of a visit to A. W. von Schlegel in Bonn, which confirms Heine's impressions of the professor-critic:

Schlegel . . . was kind, entertaining, and gentlemanly. He is a perfect *petit-maitre*, paints, and flourishes a silk handkerchief scented most violently at every half dozen words. He lectures to circle of old women of Bonn every Thursday. I promised him to go, but my sudden exit prevented me the honour, and I sent him a letter of apology. I cannot imagine what he talks to them about, unless it be on the enormous sin of inspiring too much love—a thing by no means uncommon in *some parts* of Germany—probably at Bonn likewise.¹⁶

On August 9, 1831, Otilie wrote to Naylor:

Zweifeln Sie nicht, mein lieber Naylor, dass es mich unendlich freuen würde, Sie wiederzusehen, ja, dass ich es oft, sehr oft gewünscht; doch kann ich nicht von hier aus urtheilen, ob es nicht Ihre Pflicht wäre, dennoch die Reise hierher aufzugeben. Sie

¹⁵ *Nachlass*, p. 236.

¹⁶ Unpublished letter from the Goethe-Schiller-Archiv.

haben ein neues Verhältniss eingegangen, und, wie ich nach Ihrer Schilderung glaube, mit einem sehr liebenswerthen Wesen, — das Verhältniss kann Ihnen vielleicht ein dauerndes Glück gewähren und Sie zerstöhren es vielleicht für immer, — auch leugne ich Ihnen nicht: mir ist der Gedanke schrecklich, dass mein Nahme wie ein Gifttropfen in einen reinen Blumenkelch fallen soll.¹⁷

At the same time she enclosed a poem to him by herself which is characteristic of her, divided as she was between her ancient passion for Sterling and the growing love for Naylor:

Ich will nicht zagen, — gerne Dir bekennen,
 Wie ich das Glück an Deine Liebe wies,
 Ich will Dein eigen mich mit tausend Nahmen nennen,
 Nur nicht noch einmal — was den Schmerz ich sagen liess.
 Lass, lass die Zeilen mich zerstöhren,
 Wo ich gelobte Dein *allein* zu sein,
 Ich will Dir hier, — ich will Dir dort gehören,
 Doch noch einen Freund¹⁸ schliesst dann mein Himmel ein.
 Du weisst, wie in der Jugend ersten Tagen
 Mein Schicksal rasch und ewig sich entschied,
 Wie lange nun mein Herz für jenen Freund geschlagen,
 Den lange schon die Trennungsnacht umzieht.
 Zwar hat mein Mund kein Wort je ausgesprochen,
 Was Lieb und ew'ge Treue ihm verhiess,
 Doch selbst den stummen Schwur hat nie mein Herz gebrochen,
 Und was mir lieb, ich niemals von mir wies.¹⁹

Finally matters reached a climax when in the autumn of 1831 Naylor formally proposed to Ottilie. She is inclined to consider his suit favourably, but reproaches him with the attentions he has paid to Jenny von Pappenheim:

Nicht Vorwürfe sollen Ihr Ohr verletzen, nicht Klagen Ihr Herz rühren; das alles soll in meinem Herzen versteinern, und nur die bittere bittere Nothwendigkeit, Sie, Ihre Liebe, Ihre Freundschaft aufgeben zu müssen, vor Ihnen erscheinen. Jeny hat sich von Ihnen geliebt gewähnt, — Naylor, wie darf ich die Hand des Mannes fassen, der so handeln, so sprechen konnte, dass zu gleicher Zeit zwei Frauen sich geliebt wähen durften! Ob Sie

¹⁷ *Nachlass*, p. 305.

¹⁸ Sterling.

¹⁹ *Nachlass*, p. 307.

mich, ob Sie Jeny getäuscht — es ist einerlei, — Jenys Glück ist mir noch heiliger als das meine. Warum gehen Sie stets noch zu ihr, wenn Sie sie nicht lieben?—und wenn es der Fall war, warum gestanden Sie es nicht mir offen, mir, die kein Recht hatte, Ihre Liebe zu fordern? Auch Jeny hat gegen mich gefehlt, denn sie hätte mit dem Vertrauen, was seit drei Jahren alle unsere Worte und Handlungen leitete, mir auch diesmal schreiben oder sprechen müssen.²⁰

Jenny herself writes to Ottilie in an agony of grief and jealousy :

Theure Ottilie, im Voraus bitte ich dich um Verzeihung, wenn diese Zeilen unnütz seyn sollten, aber die Angst um deine Ruhe macht es mir unmöglich sie nicht zu schreiben, es lag heute etwas in Naylor's Wesen, was mich ahnen lässt, dass du Entschlüsse fassen könntest, welche dich binden ; er hat mir es nicht gesagt, ich will mich nicht in dein Schicksal mischen, aber Ottilie, bitte, bitte, bedenke was du thust, wähne nicht, dass du nur eine schon verlorene Ruhe aufgibst ; du kannst, du wirst sie noch mit Gottes Beistand finden. — Lass mich dir nur zurufen : bedenke wohl was du thust. Ach, Ottilie, ich liebe dich wahrhaft, ich möchte dich so gerne glücklich sehn. Kein anderes Gefühl leitet meine Feder, denn bey Gott, ich liebe N. nicht, denn ich vertraue ihm nicht. Sey nicht böse auf mich, wenn meine Ahnung täuscht, und vergiss dann diese Zeilen, aber ich glaube an Eingebung des Himmels und um meiner eigenen Ruhe willen möchte ich ihnen nicht widerstehn, wenn sie mich zu schreiben drängen, besonders wenn es dich meine Ottilie, betrifft.²¹

The matter almost caused a breach between the two friends and the next day Jenny wrote again to dispel the impression her first letter might have made :

Heute früh kömmt mir mein Billet von gestern recht verrückt und wahrscheinlich unnütz vor, aber sey mir darum nicht böse, du wirst wohl gesehen haben, dass es in der Angst meines Herzens geschrieben war und dass ich schon ganz lebhaft das verworrene, dich bindende unnatürliche Verhältnis sah, welches du beym ersten Brief von Des Vœux oder Sterling bereut hättest und welches dich von beiden auf immer geschieden, ja vielleicht deiner Jenny ganz entfremdet hätte.²²

²⁰ *Nachlass*, p. 313.

²¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 314.

²² *Loc. cit.*, p. 315.

For the continuance of the affair we must turn to Otilie's diary, the 'Tagebuch eines Menschenfreundes' as she entitles it, which was begun on November 11, as a means of alleviation of her great sorrow :

Was mit Naylor werden sollte, begriff ich nicht, denn ich hielt ihn für treu. . . Naylor schrieb mir und hat ein Verhältniss gewählt, was ihn zum Altar führen wird, mir aber tiefe Verachtung für ihn einflösste. Keine Liebe, keine Treue in seinem Charakter! ich zerresse das unwürdige Verhältniss.²³

She sent a reproachful letter to him in reply²⁴, and entered in her diary for November 13 :

Mit vielen heissen Thränen den Tag begonnen. An Naylor geschrieben und unser Verhältniss auf ewig zerrissen. Ihm verboten, mir je zu schreiben oder je her zu kommen. Wegen mir soll Niemand leiden.²⁵

In spite of this definite rupture, however, the intimacy was soon renewed and continued for many years, as is testified by the innumerable letters of Naylor's preserved in the Goethe-Schiller-Archiv at Weimar. It is to this correspondence and his letters to Crabb Robinson that we must now turn in order to reconstruct the remainder of his life.

The most important of the letters to Robinson is the one written to him at Rome and dated Göttingen, November 24, 1830. Extracts have already appeared,²⁶ but it will be more satisfactory if I give the complete text :

It will be some small surprise to you, without doubt, to receive such a communication, from such a quarter of our continent, as the subject of these sheets and their place of date will make known to you. My motive for writing is twofold : the most significant, perhaps, though certainly in my eyes the least cogent occasion will, on the opening of this, fall into your hands. It is a letter sent to me by Dr. R. Froriep of Weimar, at the request of Mme de Goethe, from whom he received it. The loss which has lately afflicted that family in the death of the at once son, husband and father, has cut

²³ *Nachlass*, p. 317.

²⁵ *Loc. cit.*, p. 320.

²⁴ *Loc. cit.*, p. 319.

²⁶ J. M. Carré, *loc. cit.*, p. 408.

off the means of communication through which it was designed it should have reached its place of destination; and the desire expressed by me, when at Weimar, of having the gratification of writing to you, was there, it appears, understood of me, as my intention so to do, and thus the inclosed note was put into my possession, to be forwarded together with my own.

I have therefore to thank my good stars for the occurrence of this accident, as it affords me a plea, without which, I should not perchance, have presumed to thrust myself on your notice.

I left England in the latter part of last Autumn, and after a seven weeks' delightful wandering in Holland, and through part of Northern Germany, as far North-East as Dresden, find myself at length domiciled at Göttingen, of by-gone fame; where I am making what progress I am able, in the language, and attempting to cultivate some small acquaintance with German literature.

At Weimar I saw the great Poet, whose presence can throw a halo round the else obscurity of a Ducal residence; and I have been vain enough to think proudlier of myself ever since the hand that penned 'Faust' and 'Der Wand'rer' friendlily retained my own in its mighty grasp. At Weimar too, I met with every attention from its hospitable inhabitants. Your name was a passport. The friend of Mr. Robinson was welcomed everywhere. I came there without an acquaintance, and I left in it, I may say, many friends. At the residence of Madame de Goethe was afforded me an almost daily delight, in the enjoyment of her own cultivated intercourse, and in that of those who numerously frequented her abode. Professor Voigt, at Jena, gave me the introduction to her, and the acquaintanceship of the Froriep family was by no means one of its least fortunate results, regarded either as respects their attention to me at Weimar, or their yet further providing kindness, proofs of which I brought with me hither.

The Goethe family are, of course, staggered by the late unlooked-for blow; ²⁷ but as Dr. F. (the son) writes: 'überwinden beyde und besonders letzterer (Der Alte) mit der ihnen eigenen inneren Stärke und Klarheit den Schmerz, so dass auch seine Gesundheit nicht dadurch leidet. — Das Goethesche Haus,' he concludes, 'sonst heiter, ist jetzt trübe und düster; und so, möchte ich sagen, ist Weimar, denn wie Louis XIV sagte, L'état c'est moi, so möchte ich für mich sagen, Weimar ist das Goethesche Haus.'

[Here follows a long political paragraph.]

The University here, though no longer signalled by the particular talents of its Professors, Blumenbach excepted, who is now nearly

²⁷ The death of August von Goethe in Italy on October 27.

superannuated, yet continues to maintain its importance as a place of resort. In common with all other schools in Germany, it has been affected by the recent political events, and the number of students here this semester is about 400 less than in the preceding one. There is scarcely any society to boast of; the inhabitants are friendly as regards strangers, but not social among themselves; and there is none of that unceremonious intercourse, which endears such places as Weimar to the visitant—such advantages, he feels the want of, who would acquire a colloquial knowledge of the German. I am the only Englishman here—there are two Americans, but neither of them remarkable for pretensions above the common run. I stay here, I hope, until the end of the semester.

It would appear that on his return to England he settled for a time in Hammersmith, where he sought and found consolation for his rejection at the hands of Ottilie. First he became engaged to a widow with several children; but his family disapproved. Then he 'became aware of the affection for him of his wife that was to be', and he writes exultantly: 'at last I have found a being whose fate is entirely in my power.' It was now necessary to make some provision for a home if he was to settle down and marry, and it was apparently with this end in view that he went to Oxford to study law. He would have preferred literature, he owns, but doubts his ability to earn a living at it. He matriculated at Queen's College on July 1, 1831. At Oxford he met Sterling and writes in most enthusiastic terms about him to Ottilie: 'What a delightful fellow he is!'

He also dabbled in poetry and, with some college friends, edited one of those many, short-lived, undergraduate magazines, of which, however, I have been unable to discover any trace.

From Oxford he retired in 1833 to Maidenhead, where he set up house with his wife, and was intimate in a circle of which Mrs. Jameson and Hayward²⁸ were the chief luminaries. His letters to Ottilie of this period are full

²⁸ On Hayward and Ottilie see H. Mutschmann, *Modern Language Review*, vol. viii, 1913, p. 380.

of allusions to both. On July 4 he wrote to her answering some reference to Goethe :

The great duty of your life, I am aware, is ended: He is no more for whom and in whom you daily lived, moved and had your being. Still, yours is a mind that can never know vacuity, and your only care should be, for that very reason, to prevent its getting mischief for want of something else to employ its vital energies upon. I *know* your talent, not to say anything of your taste (which is beyond need of definition, since I never yet heard of anybody else having anything like it). With these two, then, if you will but consent to energize in them, you need fear nothing. Mrs. Jameson is unjust to you in putting your acquirements and compositions on a level with those of other German ladies. I agree with her in everything else but in this. As soon as Hayward informed me there was something about you in her book, I instantly ordered it to our Book-Society here, and read with intense eagerness and delight all the good she says of you. Alas! how beautifully true! 'Whom no wrong could teach mistrust, whom no injury bitterness'. This is your character, this that makes you the 'verrückter Engel', which the Schwiegervater delighted to call you.

Occasionally there is an answer to an inquiry about old Weimar friends of Otilie's: of Noel, who had also settled at Maidenhead, of Sterling, of Mrs. Jameson, of Thackeray²⁹:

Thackeray I have heard of, and seen once or twice, but we were never 'Du und Du' with each other, you know. His mind was low-born, and his standard of wit coarse and unsuited to my habits.

He continues to assure her of his eternal friendship for her:

Many thanks for the regard you continue to possess towards me. Be assured the same return is undoubtedly bestowed by my heart on the memory of one so dear to my inmost soul as you. To you, I am continually repeating to my wife, I owe the determination of my mind to all that is worthy in me.

From Maidenhead Naylor and his family migrated to London and settled down in the neighbourhood of

²⁹ See the article '*Thackeray in Weimar*', by Walter Vulpius, in *The Century Illustrated Magazine*, vol. liii, April 1897, No. 6.

Regent's Park. From a letter to Otilie of February 7, 1841, we hear that he is translating *Reineke Fuchs*; on December 5, 1844, he sent her a copy. The correspondence closed in August 1848, the year the Naylor family left London for Wales. The extract from this letter is worth quoting:

As you observe, several of your Imps of the 'Chaos' have done something in the way of making a reputation. Thackeray stands the foremost. He has abilities and a certain facile style of writing founded on our early novelists. His characters, however, are of the 'Vilains and très Vilains' school, with little originality. He is happy in the invention of nicknames, borrows largely from the Paul de Kochs of Paris and Elsewhere, can't invent a good story, and is to my thinking altogether in a false position of popularity, belonging to a set or clique of Littérateurs who write funny things (without a particle of real deep *Reynardine* humour about them) in the 'Punch'. They be-puffed and be-praised each other, and as Thackeray was the best, and moreover set up for a good store of *bonhomie*, he has 'come out' the strongest. As you read Dickens (whom I admire and relish most sincerely as a delicious writer, and wholly original—I am delighted *you* appreciate him too—) you will understand that phrase.

For further information of Naylor's life we must turn to his letters to Crabb Robinson. He discusses with him his withdrawal from the law—he had been entered at the Middle Temple in 1845—which was always uncongenial to him, his proposals to retire from London, 'where I cannot live without intrenching on my little capital', to the country (Wales), 'where my income may be made all sufficient for our wants and gratifications', and wishes to confer with him 'as my oldest and wisest friend and counsellor'.³⁰ He eventually settled at Bettws-y-Coed where he 'lived happily and contented in spite of the bad weather', and where Robinson was an occasional visitor. Here he spent his time writing, painting, and salmon-fishing. On the merits of his painting he had no illusions:

³⁰ Letter of January 17, 1848.

I did not send to any of the Exhibitions. I thought another season's work would give me perhaps a better title, and now I begin to suspect that ten years will scarcely do it; the more I learn, the more I see there remains to be learnt, and perhaps that constitutes its most abiding charm.³¹

He keeps up a constant interest in European politics in general and German affairs in particular, in literary and social gossip:

What on Earth is to be done about Gervinus? Those thrice damned drunken savages of Cassel have shut him up in prison for seven months! O horror! Have you written to him? If not, and you intend to do so, will you make a point of sending my most earnest and sympathetic Greeting to him? I don't think I am entitled by our slight acquaintance to write, and no doubt he is pestered with letters from all the writing world.³²

But in spite of his numerous occupations he still hankers after London and its manifold attractions. If only some kind friend could procure him a small post bringing him an additional hundred or two, he would have no hesitation in returning. On one occasion he offers his services to Crabb Robinson, who was now drawing on in years, for 'the carrying out of any office of confidence and trust'.³³

As time goes on Naylor complains of failing health: 'My health (I suppose it is the mind's health) has been ailing all last summer'.³⁴ A few years later we hear that he has gone out of his mind and is interned in a private asylum at Hurst Green at the instance of his family. He writes the most pathetic letters from there, protesting his sanity and affirming that he is the victim of a plot.³⁵ He was eventually released and allowed to go to Paris, on the understanding that he would stay there. But he insisted on a judicial inquiry being held, which gave a verdict against him, thirteen out of fourteen

³¹ Letter of April 6, 1853.

³² Letter of April 6, 1853.

³³ Letter of November 12, 1848.

³⁴ Letter of September 17, 1855.

³⁵ Letters of January 28, March 16, 1862.

jurymen finding him insane. Robinson was much pained and worried by this sad business, as is testified by the numerous entries in his unpublished diary.³⁶ He sent him money for his immediate maintenance, and tried to calm his resentment against the verdict and his relations. In 1864, however, Naylor insisted on returning to England, when he was at once interned as a lunatic in the custody of the Lord Chancellor. He died on August 24, 1865.³⁷

Naylor's personality is not perhaps a very attractive one. He was sometimes vain and frivolous and envious, inconstant in his loves and a dilettante in his occupations, and above all, completely under the influence of that 'Schwärmerei' which was the bane of the early nineteenth century. And yet, with all his faults, he must have possessed certain lovable qualities which won him the affection of his friends. With women he was always much in favour. Talent he certainly possessed and an artistic temperament which eventually unhinged his mind. But the tragedy of his life was not merely ending up in an asylum, but the fact that he never realized his great promise, that he never attained any really great success in any of the many arts in which he dabbled.

The first work with which he appeared before the public was a collection of poems both dramatic and lyric.³⁸ The book was printed privately at Maidenhead, as the preface informs us in January 1839, and dedicated to an Oxford friend.³⁹ The preface likewise pays a

³⁶ 1862, January 9, 13, 16, 23, 28; March 10, 20; June 4, 17; July 17, 30; November 25; December 13, 15, 19, 21, 22, 27. 1863, January 14; February 7, 11; April 7; May 25, 26; October 22. 1864, January 6. 1865, September 6.

³⁷ Letter from Naylor's niece of August 24, 1865.

³⁸ *Ceracchi, a Drama, and other poems* [not published].

³⁹ To my dear friend, the Rev. William J. Irons, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, Rector of Reed, and Vicar of Barkway, in the county of Herts., this little memorial of olden times is affectionately inscribed.

handsome compliment to Otilie, who was always ready and anxious to assist her English friends in their translations from the German to the utmost of her power :

The Translations, for the most part, were undertaken by way of experiment, during a residence at Weimar,—a name fragrant with pleasurable recollections to all Englishmen who have had the happiness to sojourn there, and ever to be honored and cherished by One, for the many lasting recollections associated with that, to him, endeared home.—Not the least portion of their value, in the writer's estimation, is derived from a grateful remembrance of the many kindly offices he was privileged to experience throughout their progress at the hands of that most amiable and highly gifted lady, Madame de Goethe, the varied and excellent qualities of whose nobly endowed nature were, as is well known to all who know her, never more cheerfully exercised than in the promotion of ends conducive to the happiness of others.

The dramatic fragment *Ceracchi*, which gives its title to the collection, is founded on an historical event described in the *Mémoires d'une femme de qualité*. It is the story of Ceracchi's conspiracy against the First Consul. The motive is certainly dramatic enough : the refusal of Ceracchi, on the failure of his attempt, to accept life without liberty. It is a motive dear to the early nineteenth century, such a one as would have delighted Schiller's heart. But Naylor's treatment is disappointing ; it is altogether uninspired ; the speeches are rhetorical with a touch of the bombastic, although, in this respect, they were doubtless in accordance with the taste of the times. The love scenes between Leonora, the hero's daughter, and David, the court painter, are reminiscences of Naylor's courtship of Otilie, and one is probably the balcony-scene which, in one of his letters to her, he declared she inspired.⁴⁰ If so Leonora's description of herself is not entirely flattering to Otilie :

⁴⁰ *Ceracchi*, p. 35. She bursts into tears, and leans, overpowered, for support on David, who gently leads her towards the *balcony*.

A silly heedless maiden who did joy
 Boccaccio's pages with her Love to con,
 As light of heart as they of whom the tales
 Are therein told; as prone to freaks and jests,
 As e'en the maddest there.

A further reminiscence of Germany in this play is to be found, I think, in the scene in Ceracchi's cell. A cloaked figure enters—it is Bonaparte. He offers Ceracchi life and freedom; but all his fellow-conspirators have suffered death, life has no meaning to him without liberty, he refuses the boon. Leonora rushes in and throws herself into her father's arms; the officers of justice appear in the background as the scene closes on all. There seems to me here a parallel to the closing scene of Goethe's *Egmont*.

The influence of *Egmont* is still more apparent in another play Naylor intended to write, but which, like the first, was never completed. It appears in this volume as *Scenes for a drama of Charles the First*. The first scene between Strafford and his secretary recall instantly a familiar scene from *Egmont*:

SCENE. *The Earl Strafford's Cabinet—Enter ANTONIO, his Secretary, with papers and letters, which he arranges on a table furnished with all materials for nightly study. He lights the lamp and touches the repeater on the table: it strikes One.*

ANTONIO.

So late, and still he tarries at the Council!

(*Enter STRAFFORD—thoughtful and abstracted*).

STRAFFORD.

Now are the letters ready?

ANTONIO.

They but wait

Your Lordship's signature.⁴¹

Here also petitions are presented by Antonio to his master, who deals with them one by one, like Egmont,

⁴¹ *Ceracchi*, p. 95.

showing the nobility of his character, his sense of justice, his goodness of heart. He would give a penniless widow his silver plate; but it has already been melted down for the King's needs when the Parliament refused him grants. Lord Digby enters, pale and in terror, with the news that Strafford has been impeached. We are reminded of a similar scene in *Egmont*, where Orange also breaks in on the interview and announces Alba's coming.

It is interesting to note that Browning with his *Strafford* (1837) anticipated Naylor by two years, but there is no trace of his influence.

More important than these embryo dramas are the 'Passages from Faust', which, as we saw above, were begun at Weimar with the encouragement of Frau von Goethe.⁴² They consist of the following scenes:

1. In a high arched Gothic chamber, lines 1-431.
2. Faust's Study (Mephistopheles and the student), 1475-1719.
3. A small neat Chamber, 2325-2451.
4. A Garden, 3061-3112.
5. Margaret's Chamber (the song at the spinning wheel), 3021-60.
6. Cathedral, 3423-81.

From the position of scenes 4 and 5 in Naylor's version it appears that he made use of the 'Fragment', for both in the 'Urfaust' and in the 'Erster Teil' the spinning song rightly precedes the catechization.

These passages are characteristic of Naylor's poetic interests in general; they were not lyric or subjective so much as philosophic and contemplative. A few

⁴² Noticed by W. Heinemann, *Goethes Faust in England und Amerika*, 1886, p. 11. W. F. Hauhart, *The reception of Goethe's Faust in England in the first half of the nineteenth century*, 1909, p. 141, and E. Oswald (see below, note 57) mention the title of these passages, but do not discuss them in the text. There is no mention of it in Lina Baumann, *Die englischen Übersetzungen von Goethes Faust*, 1907, nor in the *Bibliotheca Faustiana* of Carl Engel, 1874.

quotations here and there must serve to give some idea of the qualities of the work :

At length with restless energy have I
 Law, Physic, and alas ! Divinity
 Throughout explored—and here I sit, poor fool !
 As wise as ere I went to school.
 Magister hight, hight Doctor too ! and flout
 My pupils by the nose about
 Through ten years, round, and up, and down,
 To see there's nothing can be known !
 'Tis that consumes me heart and bone !
 For sooth a cleverer man am I
 Than all your scribbling, doctoring, preaching fry.
 Me scares no doubt, nor pang of conscience evil,
 Nor fear of Hell, nor terror of the devil,
 And therefore 'tis my soul no joy approves
 No fancy beckons me, no impulse moves
 To enterprise, or thought, that should befit
 To teach mankind some glorious benefit.⁴³

We shall obtain a more favourable impression of his powers if we turn to the songs :

There was a King in Thule
 Right constant to the grave
 To whom a goblet golden
 His dying Mistress gave.

Was nought he prized so dearly ;
 Each feast he drained it dry ;
 And often as he drank thereat,
 The tears came plenteously.

And when his days were numbering
 He counted out his thrift ;
 Gave all unto his own right heir,
 All—save the goblet-gift.

Then gathering all his nobles,
 He bade the wassail be :
 Within the Hall ancestral—
 The Donjon by the sea.

⁴³ *Ceracchi*, p. 47.

Up stood that aged Toper
 And drained the bowl's bright blood;
 Then hurled the hallowed goblet
 Down in the rolling flood!

He watched it diving—drinking—
 Then sink beneath the roar!
 His eye-lids soon were sinking—
 His lips drank never more!⁴⁴

It is interesting to compare the final version of the Spinning Song as printed here, with the one which appeared in Otilie's *Chaos*, No. 52, p. 207. I have printed the two translations side by side (the earlier first) showing how he had improved considerably on his previous efforts:

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore,
 Gone gone for ever
 And evermore.

Where I am—not he—
 Is a grave to me;
 The world and all
 To me is gall.

My poor poor brain
 How 't throbs again!
 And every thought
 Unmeaning aught.

My peace is flown,
 My heart is sore,
 Flown flown for ever,
 And evermore.

For him I watch
 Thro' the lattice flowers
 Upon the latch
 For him, look hours.

His lofty tread!
 His noble mien!
 His lip-smile's red!
 His eyes' bright sheen!

My heart is full,
 My peace is o'er—
 Never returning,
 Oh! nevermore!

(Unchanged.)

My silly brain
 (The rest unchanged.)

My heart is full,
 My peace is o'er,
 Lost, for ever,
 And evermore.

(Unchanged.)

(Unchanged.)
 His lips' soft red!
 (Unchanged.)

⁴⁴ Loc. cit., p. 81.

His discourses with—
 Its magicness—
 His fervid clasp
 And ah! his kiss!—

My peace is fled,
 My heart is sore,
 Fled fled for ever
 And evermore.

Why bosom, yearn?
 For him! for him!
 I must—I burn
 To kiss him—ay!
 Clasped limb to limb
 As I was wont,
 To kiss and die.

His discourse sweet!
 Its magic flow!
 (Unchanged.)
 His kisses' glow!

My heart is full,
 My peace is o'er.
 Lost lost for ever
 And evermore.

My bosom yearns
 For him! for him!
 It must,—it burns
 To beat on him!

And kiss him so—
 As I would kiss—
 And on his kisses
 Die in bliss!

As a whole the translation of the different extracts, though not brilliant, is fair and deserving. A few happy renderings here and there compensate for occasional lapses into rhetoric or for an imperfect rhyme,⁴⁵ and even for an attempt at a pun.⁴⁶

The only other translations from Goethe in the volume are a successful version of 'Love as a landscape painter',⁴⁷ and 'A Confession'.⁴⁸ Of the other miscellaneous poems none is of particular importance to us beyond a dramatic sketch in stanzas of Herod and Mariamne, founded on the same passage in Josephus which has attracted so many dramatists, including Hebbel. But there is no hint of Hebbel's psychological development of the problem.

On December 15, 1839, he sent copies of his book of poems to many of his German friends, amongst others

⁴⁵ *Ceracchi*, p. 59, joy : constantly ; p. 60, machinery : defy ; p. 62, rich : each ; p. 65, fellow : leather.

⁴⁶ p. 76, A breath of fire | From out my *pocket-lucifers* will lift | Our bodies from this Earth (spoken by Mephistopheles).

⁴⁷ p. 155, Weimar-Ausgabe, vol. ii, p. 182.

⁴⁸ p. 150, Weimar-Ausgabe, vol. vi, p. 13.

to Professor Voigt, who mentions them in a letter of June 2, 1840, to Crabb Robinson:

Vor einigen Monaten erhielt ich aus dem Hause der Frau von Göthe die Gedichte des jungen Naylor, habe aber noch keine Zeit gehabt, ihm zu danken. Kennst du sie schon?

In a letter to Robinson of Nov. 12, 1848, Naylor writes concerning his book of poems:

You recall to my memory a little incident in my Life, which I had clean forgotten—the little book of poems!—by (if I recollect) 'S. N., a Decennovarian'!!! You are the only Person who ever did me the honour to remind me of it. I only remember being so ashamed of the *size* of the work, as compared with that standard of its merit which existed in my own mind, that I destroyed all the copies, which the Printer had the unmerciful heart to multiply by 250, as I remember—in order to make me pay him £25 for the paper and binding!

From a passage in a letter to Ottilie⁴⁹ it appears that he intended finishing his *Faust* translation. As far as I know, he never did. On the other hand, a version of 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt' from *Wilhelm Meister*, which had been published in the *Chaos*,⁵⁰ was not reprinted in *Ceracchi*.

The chief contribution of Naylor to English literature was neither *Ceracchi* nor his translations from *Faust*, but his rendering of *Reinke de Vos*. Naylor himself gives an account of the genesis of the poem. He writes in the preface:

Many years have elapsed since first the great Bard recommended to my notice, during a sojourn at Weimar, the earlier edition of this favourite epic, of which (he observed) he had found but few of my countrymen who had heard.⁵¹ I followed not his advice to the

⁴⁹ August 9, 1848. Many years ago I began a translation of *Faust*; perhaps I may finish it shortly and find a publisher for it.

⁵⁰ The British Museum copy of the *Chaos* is not complete and does not contain this translation. But see L. von Kretschmann, *Weimars Gesellschaft und das Chaos (Westermanns Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte, 1892)*, p. 262, or the article on *Thackeray in Weimar*, by Vulpius, quoted above, p. 927.

⁵¹ This passage is quoted by Biedermann, *Goethes Gespräche*, iv, p. 414. It is confirmed by the letter to Ottilie of August 9, 1848:

letter—preferring, at that time, the music of his own flowing hexameters, to the more laborious reading of the Low-German original: from that instant, however, ‘the secret force of fascination (as old Thomas Fuller aptly expresses) did cause the sparks of the author’s wit to lay hold on the reader, and inflame him with a desire of love, liking, and imitation’: and shortly afterwards meeting with the Low-German *Rynke de Voss*, bearing the name of Heinrich von Alkmar, the meditated project was seriously commenced, by way of palatable relief to studies of a less trivial nature.

The work progressed slowly; we can follow its growth in the letters to Otilie. In 1843, however, Longmans was able to announce the work for publication,⁵² in 1844 it was ready for the press. Naylor apparently printed a specimen of it earlier in the year.⁵³ It appeared finally on November 28, 1844, published by Longmans, and dated 1845, with the full title: *Reynard the Fox. A renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme*. The author’s name does not appear on the title-page but at the end of the Preface. The book was very properly dedicated to H. C. Robinson, Esq., ‘in token of early friendship, and lasting regard’.⁵⁴

‘the work of translation [*Reinke*] to which der Schwiegervater drew my attention when I saw him at Weimar’.

⁵² See F. Summerley’s preface to his translation of *Reynard*, 1843, p. 6: ‘a modern poetical version by Mr. Nayler [*sic!*] accompanied by some new elaborate German engravings is announced for publication by Messrs. Longmans’.

⁵³ Cf. the testimony of J. P. Collier printed below, p. 42. It may also account for the notice of Graesse, *Trésor de Livres rares et précieux*, 1865, vol. vi, p. 86:—‘Reynard the Fox: a renowned Apologue of the Middle Ages, reproduced in English Rhyme. Embellished throughout with scroll capitals in colours from woodblock letters after designs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. By Sam Naylor, late of Queen’s Colleges [*sic*], Oxford. With an introduction. London. Longman 1844.’ Like F. Prien, *Reinke de Vos* (*Pauls Altddeutsche Textbibliothek*, no. 8, 1887), p. lxxiv, who quotes from Graesse, I have been unable to trace any edition besides that of 1845. Graesse must be quoting from some specimen copy, or an advertisement.

⁵⁴ Robinson wrote to his brother Thomas concerning this dedication, ‘As you do not regularly read the *Examiner* now, perhaps you did not see the Review of young Naylor’s translation of

He sent Robinson a copy on November 21, 1844, with the following letter :

The *Reynard* is announced for publication on the 28th, and I am promised a few copies by Saturday next, so that it is not unlikely yours may reach you on that evening.

I confess to some feelings of pride and satisfaction at the association of your name with mine, on the pages of this really excellent old Book, which, in his English costume, cuts not so bad a figure. In short, I am not sure whether he will not be considered as the handsomest of the family, as yet born—would that he were the *wisest* and the *best* !

I have set the price⁵⁵ at the lowest figure, commensurate with the possible chance of recovering my outlay on an average sale of the copies printed—but the expense of binding, etc. etc. precludes me the pleasure of sending away copies to my friends, excepting a select few who are entitled to expect this at my hands.

I would send Wordsworth a copy: but perhaps you will take yours to Rydal some day? And I feel that there is no occasion for *my* suggesting to *you* that you may have many opportunities (which need not be lost) of lending your copy, and of otherwise bringing the book before people's notice.

You were so kind as to offer to leave a copy for the *Examiner* with either Foublanque or Forster—shall I send you a copy for this purpose? or shall it be sent direct to either one, and which of them?

If I could only get, through Walter, a notice in *The Times*, it would be worth the sale of some twenty copies of the Book. Can this be managed, think you? Mr. Oxenford is their German critic, I believe.

Reynard the Fox, really a respectable work, and the handsomest book that has lately issued from the press. It is dedicated to me. The Dedication is an agreeable one—it has not one word of Compliment.' Naylor had already, in May 1829, composed a lengthy poem in blank verse to his 'much esteemed friend, H. C. Robinson, Esq.,' which lies in MS. in Dr. Williams's Library, and is of no further interest beyond showing the affection with which the younger literary generation looked up to Robinson. A poem, *Geraldine*, to which Dr. Mutschmann draws my attention, is still in the Archives in Weimar. It is, according to him, 'a longish performance in execrable style'.

⁵⁵ It was eighteen shillings, see *Bent's Literary Advertiser*, 1844, pp. 197, 207. Yet in spite of this high price Naylor was able to report to Otilie on August 9, 1848, that of 600 copies only 50 remained unsold.

I shall endeavour to enlist Mrs. Jameson's interest with the *Athenaeum*: but I cannot feel certain of her.

And again he writes a few days later:

The People are all taken captive by the beauty of the Book. I hope they won't find reason for disappointment in the inside! Carlyle, Collier and Thoms are all in ecstasies at Reynard in his new suit.

In 1847 appeared a pamphlet, the *Postscript to the English Reynard the Fox*, which, however, I have been unable to trace.⁵⁶

Naylor precedes his translation with an introduction of some fifty pages on the origins of the fable, which shows considerable erudition and some indebtedness to Grimm, Gervinus, and Carlyle, to all of whom, however, Naylor honestly gives their due. He accepts Grimm's theories as to the Germanic origin of the fable and its popular source, whilst it is generally recognized to-day that *Reynard*, like the rest of the beast-fables of the Middle Ages, was very largely descended from classical stories, and in its present form proceeded, not from popular, but learned monastic circles. We are less concerned with these problems, however, than with Naylor's translation as a literary achievement.

Reynard the Fox is not a literal rendering of the Low German verses of Hinrek van Alckmar;⁵⁷ Naylor himself describes it as something 'between a translation and a paraphrase', but it endeavours at least to represent 'the spirit of the original'. Nor has he tried to reproduce the mediaeval atmosphere, but looks on his subject as would an English humorist of the nineteenth century.

⁵⁶ There is no copy in the British Museum, but I understand from Professor R. Priebisch that he discovered the *Postscript* amongst the Crabb Robinson documents in Dr. Williams's Library. See his notice in the *Zs. für Bücherfreunde* mentioned in note 3 above. I have been unable to find the pamphlet again.

⁵⁷ It is a pity that in the revised edition of E. Oswald, *Goethe in England and America* (*Publications of the English Goethe Society*, No. xi), p. 26, the compilers should still refer to Naylor's version as a translation of *Reinecke Fuchs*.

We must not be too shocked, consequently, (as many of his reviewers were) at the slang expressions in which the text abounds, nor at the numerous lapses of rhyme, for it is part of the translator's intention to make the narrative as vivid and graphic as possible. He has recast the story into English with considerable humour and a full sense of the genuine drollery of the tales. But in his attempts to be 'funny' he has occasionally overstepped the mark, and one rather misses in his exuberant jocularly the quiet humour of the Low German satirist. Before undertaking his task Naylor undoubtedly went to school to the best model he could have chosen—to Butler. He followed him not only in his style, but also in his verse, for his metre is the octo-syllabic rhyming line of *Hudibras*.⁵⁸

It is obviously unproductive, in view of the very freedom of the attempt, to make a literal comparison with the Low German original. In the first place, Naylor admits that he has 'cut' rigorously, both with an idea of reducing interpolations and expunging indelicacies. It is a fact that to the 6,844 lines of Alckmar, Naylor can only muster some 4,720. But in spite of the looseness of the translation he succeeds in reproducing the sense and, very often, the exact meaning of the original, as the comparison of the following extracts will show:

999 Hyntze sprak: 'Reynke neue, latet my wetten,
 Blyue ik hir, wat schole wy ethen?'
 Dar vp antworde Reynke alzo:
 'Spyse gheyt hir gantz ryngge to:
 Ik wyl yw gheuen, nu gy hir blyuen,
 Gude versche honnichschyuen,

⁵⁸ That indefatigable furtherer of German literature, Crabb Robinson, seems first to have suggested the metre. 'The verse', Naylor reports him as saying in the Introduction, p. 53, 'should be that in which Prior excelled, and who, of our classics of a bygone age, would best have performed the task—Swift would have done it *con amore*.' 'To our thinking', Naylor continues, 'the author of *Hudibras* would have been the *Triumvir* for addition.'

Soethe vnde gud, des syd bericht.
 'Der ath ick al myn daghe nicht,
 Sprak Hyntze, 'hebbe gi nicht anders in dem huf?
 Gheuet my doch eyne vette muß,
 Dar mede byn ik best vorwart;
 Men honnich wert wol vor my ghespart.'

Which Naylor renders, p. xliv :

'Ahem!' said 'Malkin, in the tone
 Which people use when fain to own
 They wish the argument at end—
 'What have you in your pantry, friend?'
 Inquired the Cat: but Reynard shrugged
 His shoulders—'Is it leveret jugged
 You're thinking of?—my humble home
 Small things can boast—I've honeycomb,—
 It's very sweet.'—'I make no doubt'—
 Rejoined the Cat—'I'll do without.
 Is nothing else within the house?
 A cockroach, now, or plump fat mouse?—
 It is the food I'm partial to—
 But as for honeycomb—pho! whew!'

The epitaph of 'Krassevoet', though not pretending to accuracy of translation, is yet an excellent rendering of the sense :

p. xix.

Scratchclaw

Beneath this stone lies buried here :

Her Sire the noble

Chanticleer!

The fairest of his daughters, she

Laid eggs, and cackled joyously:

Till seized in ruthless Reynard's grip,

To other realms she took a trip—

A victim to his brutal greed.

Pause Gentle Stranger, as you read,

And drop, for pity's sake, a tear!

For Scratchclaw's murdered corse lies here!

With the Fox's relation of one of the scurvy tricks he played on the Wolf we must close these quotations :

p. lxxvii. Another time he was by me

Conducted to a seminary,

Kept by a priest, who loved fat hogs :
 His chimney, from the iron dogs
 To midway up (it was his pride)
 Was stored with many a bacon side,
 Hung there to cure: up this I rammed
 The greedy Wolf, who gorged and crammed
 Till in the flue his paunch got jammed.
 He made a mighty great to-do,
 But could not budge from out the flue :
 For, entering with his stomach empty,
 Of glutt'nous growth once never dreamt he !
 Meanwhile the household all I raised,
 And left him in his scrape, half crazed.
 Then ran to find the Priest, and nicked him
 Just sitting down (like t'other victim)
 To dine—off capon and a roast—
 'T had stirred the stomach of a ghost
 To see the holy man tuck in !
 I leapt up, like a harlequin,
 And snatched the capon off his platter.
 You never heard so loud a clatter
 As made the astonished Priest! he sprung
 Right up, and all the while gave tongue.
 But ere his Reverence could bethink,
 Down went the table—meat and drink
 And all! the Parson, in his flurry,
 Upset the whole! now, hurry-scurry,
 The serving-men, and women too,
 Rush in, and lo! drowned in the stew,
 The Priest they find, and wipe his locks,
 When all join chorus—‘Seize the Fox!’
 Away I ran—they follow after;
 And swear and shout amid their laughter.
 The Priest loud howls to find relief:
 ‘Was ever such a brazen thief!’
 Straight for the flue I make my way
 Where Isengrim in bondage lay:
 And, finding him fixed there so neat,
 I drop the capon at his feet—
 Then leave him.—(Sadly I'm to blame,
 And will do penance for the same!)

The reviewers, of whom more presently, found fault with the abundance of slang. The style is certainly very

'racy', but it is carried through, and the impression is deliberate.⁵⁹ On the other hand, Naylor betrays his legal training by the tags of low Latin which he brings in on every occasion.⁶⁰ The names of the animals have been very cleverly paraphrased where he has not kept the original designation.⁶¹ In his endeavours to modernize the poem he has not hesitated to make use of obvious anachronisms.⁶²

The rhymes are in harmony with the style of the work, and increase the impression of boisterous mirth. Some are almost worthy of Browning,⁶³ others have a cockney flavour⁶⁴ about them, although we must remember that the critics, similarly, fell foul of Tennyson for rhyming morning : dawning.

Naylor's book was very well received by the press generally.

*The Times*⁶⁵ devoted nearly two columns to it. Most of the review is taken up with a survey of German literature and its relation to the French, another large

⁵⁹ p. vi when Reynard pouched it in his mug, x honour bright, xxxvi in such sad pickle, lxxv the lingo, lxxix a pack of noddies, lxxxviii the cove died game, c my father who is now in glory, cvii to peach, are but a few examples taken at random from the book.

⁶⁰ p. xl *capias, habeas, trans mare, cxlii posse comitatus, cxliv sub sigillo, clvi audiatur et altera, clxxxiv ab incepto qualis, clxxxvii quo teste*, as the lawyers say, *cciii status pupillaris, ccxxvi noli me*.

⁶¹ Noble (the Lion), Isengrim (the Wolf), Grimalkin (the Cat), Mopsy (a poodle—he was a Frenchman), Lappet (the harmless hare), Sir Flapwing (a bantam of high degree), Dem' selle Scratch-claw, Sir Strainneck (all Chanticleer's offspring), Neddy (the Ass), Greedall (the Wolf's wife), Belline (the Ram), Cawood (the Rook), Topwig (his wife), Jocko (the Baboon).

⁶² p. lxxxv from Iceland to the Cape de Verd, cxii I'm sending you to Jericho, cxii with heaps of turquoise from Peru, cxxvi the great Mogul, cxxxvi a trip to Timbuctoo.

⁶³ p. xvi Christmas : this mass, xxix gastronome : comb, xxxiii thick mat : brickbat, xxxvii if he's smart, he : my hearty !, lxi thought once : importance.

⁶⁴ p. xix thus : verse, xxvi court : thought, lii fellow : tell her, lx mistake in : a dreadful taking, civ papa : exemplar.

⁶⁵ December 28, 1844, p. 5.

portion with the genesis of the Reynard story, and with a reference to Goethe's 'celebrated work'.

Mr. Naylor has done his work admirably. . . . It is a capital subject, treated by a congenial spirit, and the freedom, joyousness, and appreciation of genuine drollery which Mr. Naylor evinces, constitute the grand charm of the book.

*The Athenaeum*⁶⁶ gives a long account of the origins of the epic derived mainly from Naylor's own introduction, with some additional remarks from Mr. Carlyle. It is not so laudatory as *The Times* :

The translation is not strictly verbal, but partly literal and partly periphrastic, and with such command of metrical graces as might be expected from an accomplished student. We wish, however, that the general style had been less Hudibrastic, and that the imperfect rhymes had been avoided.

*The British Quarterly Review*⁶⁷ declares :

Of the manner in which Mr. Naylor has acquitted himself in this cheerful task of his, we can speak in terms of the strongest commendation. The antique, colloquial, and racy turn, both of the diction and versification, are admirable. There is a felicity in Mr. Naylor's manner which puts all idea of translation out of our head, and gives us the direct impression of originality.

*The Westminster Review*⁶⁸ thinks the elegant appearance of the work does not quite harmonize with the coarse satire of the contents :

We are not finding fault with his reproduction ; on the contrary, we hold it worthy of very high praise ; but its merits are such as, in our opinion, make the typographical contrast all the stronger.

*The New Quarterly Review*⁶⁹ is very favourably impressed :

Our present author's is, as far as we know, the first worthy rendering of this admirable work into English. And worthy it is ; the wit, the ease, the brilliancy of the original, are here reflected as in a faithful mirror which occasionally even seems to heighten the

⁶⁶ January 4, 1845, No. 897, p. 9.

⁶⁸ 1845, vol. xliii, p. 254.

⁶⁷ 1845, vol. ii, p. 579.

⁶⁹ 1845, vol. v, p. 261.

beauty of the forms and faces that pass across it. Mr. Naylor's has evidently been a labour of love.

*The Foreign Quarterly Review*⁷⁰ gives but a scant notice amongst a list of other books. It finds fault with the exaggerated use of 'distorted phrases and slang words, the odious cockneyisms of the rhymes',⁷¹ and even points out some violation of grammar. Yet even here the reviewer is forced to acknowledge the merits of this 'labour of love':

All who knew and love this racy fable will renew their old delights in perusing Mr. Naylor's version, and those who have not yet made acquaintance with Reynard, may now see him in his proper garb.

*The Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres*⁷² appears to have written its criticism under the influence of the article in the *Foreign Quarterly*. It too finds fault with 'the Cockney rhymes and bits of slang', but the general tone of the review is favourable:

Mr. Naylor has taken the low-German *Rynke de Voss* for his model, and paraphrased it in his own, but a congenial style, giving the sense rather than the precise words, and often converting the foreign into our own national imagery and jocular phraseology. There may be some slight defects and blemishes, but we like the execution of the whole exceedingly; and, in short, will lay this on our shelf as a pet volume.

*The Eclectic Review*⁷³ is brief but to the point:

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the masterly style in which Mr. Naylor has 're-produced' this curious and valuable 'brute-epic'.

*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*⁷⁴ expresses the opinion that:

⁷⁰ 1845, vol. xxxiv, p. 515.

⁷¹ Yet the worst it can adduce are alarmed: calmed, sought: port, sworn: dawn, which, to the ears of the educated Southerner, at least, cause no offence.

⁷² 1845, p. 52.

⁷³ 1845, vol. xvii, p. 319.

⁷⁴ 1845, vol. i, p. 91.

Mr. Naylor has proved himself an extremely elegant scholar, an admirable master of his own language, both in the prose and poetical portion, and a very excellent student in the German. To this scholarship he adds, what is extremely rare, a considerable poetic power, invention to make his adaptation suitable, and right gleesome relish of satire and humour.

The Examiner,⁷⁵ finally, is convinced that the author has adopted the only possible method for his 'reproduction':

We cannot, in short, pay a higher compliment to his version than by saying that the same sort of praise is due to it which is due to Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Rabelais*. The facility with which he has dashed through his ten 'fyttes', using all sorts of rhymes, good or bad, helter-skelter; the unflagging, devil-may-care spirit, kept up to the last page; and the keen sense with which every niche for a new pleasantry is seized and filled; makes his book a curiosity of literature. Never have we seen the strong sense of delight in a task more clearly impressed on its results.

One and all the reviewers are loud in their praises of the handsome form of the volume. They are delighted with the black and red letter-press, with the dainty initials and other decorations, whilst they pronounce the parchment binding, with Master Reynard embossed on either side, 'a model of taste'⁷⁶.

In the matter of *Reynard the Fox* we are in the unusual and fortunate position of possessing the author's 'Review of Reviews'. In a letter of January 10, 1845, to Crabb Robinson, he utters some rather ungrateful comments on his critics:

What you say of the article on *Reynard* in *The Times* is perfectly true. It is *not* a good *Review of the Book*: but it has served the interests of my publication more than a strict adherence to the subject in hand could have done. It was an admirable *ad captandum*

⁷⁵ 1844, December 14, p. 788.

⁷⁶ Naylor had intended to illustrate his book with the plates with which a German edition was ornamented, and had asked Otilie to procure him the requisite permission from the publisher. He received the permission too late; but he had one of the plates bound up with a copy of his translation 'for his wife's drawing-room table'. See also note 52 above.

display of the Reviewer, and people concluded that a man who knew so much about everything else, ought to know something about the topic occasioning the effort. In fact, no good review of my book has yet appeared. The small periodical critics are like sheep at a hedge-gap: they all follow one leader, and jump in succession over the fancied fence, even after the first one has knocked it down. I am promised a *notice* by Mr. Lewis in the next *Westminster Review*; but I don't expect an *article*, and nothing short of one can suffice for a good judgment of the work. The *New Quarterly* has noticed me briefly but favourably; and the *Foreign Quarterly* has permitted a very pitiful and envious paragraph to be appended to a short notice of all the recent Reynards, sent them by Thoms. A note from him to me, disclaims all privity with this part of the article. Two blunders in syntax, and some 'odious Cockneyisms' of rhyme, are the charges adduced. This is a very unworthy proceeding of the *Foreign Quarterly*, which should have cut up the Book in style or said nothing about it. The 'Eclectic' Editor has sent to beg a copy, for the purpose of reviewing it—an admirable text for *him* throughout, if he but knew how to avail himself of his materials! Do you know who wrote the article on 'Charles Churchill' in the last *Edinburgh*? At p. 67 of that number, he said that which entitles him to some mark of regard, from any writer of satire in octosyllabic verse, and I have made bold to send him a copy of *Reynard*, on the strength of it.⁷⁷ I know no one who writes German articles for any of our Magazines, and without some such acquaintance with writers, it is of little use sending works for review—they are noticed by way of acknowledgment of their receipt, and that is all. By-the-bye, I must not forget to tell you that Douglas Jerrold, in a short notice of my Book in his Magazine, has said the only new thing, and not badly; that a *Re-producer* does for his author what an *actor* may be required to do for his: give added emphasis to all that is good, and bring his own perception to aid the author in enunciating the rest.

You need be, my dear Friend, under no apprehension that the meed of a little good-natured praise will seduce me into paths where I feel that I should be walking in comparative darkness. Literature as a livelihood, holds out no temptation, except to the highly gifted, and I have no calling that way, beyond the mere personal gratification of a leisure not wholly lost in doing nothing. On the last day of this month I expect to be included in the Bar Call, and thenceforward my prospects must have but one direction.

⁷⁷ Apparently no notice was taken of the book by the *Edinburgh Review*.

I naturally look to no exemption from my share of leisure hours : if I can help to turn them to *profitable* account, by writing, it will assist me through a period that all have felt to be disconsolate, and which *I* shall perhaps find more so than most ; and the earnings, though small, will be welcome. Anything *incompatible* with my vocation, I shall studiously avoid : and never again, I trust, will my *name* appear in connexion with anything but the Law ! Indeed, so clearly am I impressed with the worldly wisdom of these views, that I am now strongly urging on Messrs. Longmans to purchase all my interest in the Book, copyright included, and the matter is now under their consideration. This will relieve me from a long suspense, and I shall be heartily rejoiced to make so fortunate an exit out of the perils of print.

Naylor adhered firmly to this resolve and, except for the *Postscript* above mentioned, did not launch out again into print. One of his critics, the *Westminster*, had suggested that the poem should be reprinted in a plainer form at a moderate price. Naylor apparently remembered this suggestion, for we find him writing to Crabb Robinson on January 6, 1853 :

I see there is another version of *Reynard* advertised by Pickering, from Goethe's version, with Plates.⁷⁸ I think Longmans are foolish not to have got mine out in a cheap form—just the very book for ‘Railway reading’.

It is a pity this suggestion was never carried out—it is still worthy of consideration, and *Reynard the Fox* would undoubtedly prove a popular addition to such a collection as *Everyman's Library* or *The World's Classics*. In the meantime it must suffice that an attempt has been made to rescue it from the unmerited oblivion into which it has fallen.

By way of appendix it will prove instructive to follow for a moment the fortunes of the Reynard fable in

⁷⁸ *Reynard the Fox*, after the German Version of Goethe (by Thos. James Arnold, Esq.), with Illustrations by Joseph Wolf. London. Wm. Pickering, 1853. New edition by Trübner, 1860, ‘with illustrations from the designs of W. von Kaulbach.’

England and to consider briefly any other English versions which have appeared.

From the publication in 1481 of Caxton's translation of the Dutch prose version of the *Reinaert*, *Die historie van reynaert de vos*, Gouda 1479, the story has been a popular one in England. It was reprinted many times down to 1629.⁷⁹ The edition of 1700 is but a Bowdlerized version of the above, with spurious additions by a later hand.⁸⁰ To this original text was added in 1681 an English translation in heroic verse by J. Shurley of the Latin version in iambics of Hartmann Schopper (1567). This was followed in 1706 by *The Crafty Courtier*,⁸¹ which is nothing but a modernization of the above, with numerous references to contemporary political events. In addition to these were several chap-books from 1750 onwards. About this time the story fell into disrepute in England until, under the influence of Goethe's *Reinecke Fuchs*, Carlyle drew attention to it in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, no. 16,⁸² by a review of Soltau's translation of 1830. There is no doubt that it was Carlyle's efforts that were responsible for the sudden revival of the poem during the next few years.

Naylor knew all these versions except Soltau's (which he quotes in his introduction, p. 40, but has not seen) and the chap-book. There is no evidence of his having made use of any for his own work. On the contrary, he departed from the Reynaert version, the common source of the story in England, to go back to the Low

⁷⁹ Conveniently reprinted by W. J. Thoms for the Percy Society, 1844, or by E. Arber, English Scholar's Library, 1878.

⁸⁰ *The History of Reynard the Fox and Reynardine his Son*. With morals to each chapter . . . and every chapter illustrated with a curious device. Written by an eminent statesman of the German Empire and since done into English. London, 1700.

⁸¹ *The Crafty Courtier*, or, the fable of *Reinard the Fox*, newly done into English verse, from the antient Latin iambics of H. Schopperus. London, 1706.

⁸² Reprinted in the *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* (Chapman and Hall), vol. iii, p. 268, 1839, 1862.

German version of Alckmar. Nor was he conversant, as far as we can judge, with the story as retold by T. Rouse,⁸³ or with the pictures of Albert von Everdingen,⁸⁴ both of which appeared before his translation.

The work of Soltau,⁸⁵ to which allusion has already been made, has already been the subject of a criticism by Carlyle. Soltau attained to considerable reputation in Germany as a translator from foreign literature. He made German versions of Butler's *Hudibras* and Thomson's *Seasons* and translated from Boccaccio and Cervantes :

Mr. Göthe, one of our best German writers, translated it into German Hexameters, and I have but lately published with success a second edition of my translation in German Doggerel-Rhymes (the same metre, in which the Original is composed).

The Consanguinity of the languages has since induced me to attempt the English Paraphrase which I now offer to the Public. I have thought it expedient to transplant the scene of action from Germany to England, imagining that this would adapt the subject more to the taste of the English readers.

This intention of the preface Soltau has carried out with regard to the names, which, it must be admitted, are not particularly well chosen. 'Growler' is an epithet applicable to many other animals than a she-wolf, whilst a lap-dog is rarely 'Frisky'. But why should the cat be 'Gib' or the monkey 'Pug'? whilst to term the hare 'Puss' seems, nowadays at least, a wilful perversion. 'Simple' and 'Castor', again, are but feeble appellations for the Ram and Beaver respectively. Apart from this the translation is good enough, as the following quotation will show :

⁸³ *The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox*. (The German Novelists, translated by T. Roscoe, vol. i, 1826.)

⁸⁴ *The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox*, told by the Pictures of Albert von Everdingen, ed. by F. Summerley, 1843, in *The Home Treasury*.

⁸⁵ *Reynard the Fox*. A burlesque Poem of the fifteenth century, translated from the Low-German Original by D. W. Soltau, Hamburg, 1826 [dedicated to Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, Governor-General of Hanover]. On Soltau see the article in Goedecke's *Grundriss*, vol. vii, 1900, p. 734.

It happen'd on a Whitsunday,
 When woods and fields look'd green and gay,
 When balmy flow'rs and herbs were springing,
 And feather'd folks were sweetly singing,
 The Morn was fine, the weather clear,
 And fragrant odours fill'd the air,
 When Noble, sov'reign King of Beasts,
 Proclaim'd a Court and public feasts.
 His loyal Subjects, Lords and Commons,
 Obey'd their Master's royal summons,
 And many a valiant Knight and Squire
 To Court repair'd in grand attire
 With their attendants great and small;
 'Twas difficult to count them all.
 E'en Crane and Jack-Daw, Rook and Jay,
 Buzzard and Owl came forth that day;
 For Noble to his sumptuous feast
 Had summon'd every bird and beast,
 Save crafty Reynard, who alone,
 For vilest mischief he had done,
 Was holden in such ill report,
 He durst not show his face at Court.
 As deeds of darkness shun the light,
 So Rankey did; that treacherous wight,
 Convinc'd, he would not be commended
 By those, he had so oft offended.
 No one was found on that dread day,
 Except his friend, the Badger Gray,
 But whom, when Sessions did begin,
 Brought against him some Action in.

Holloway's version⁸⁶ follows the original 'as closely as the varying structure of the two languages would permit', and acknowledges the assistance derived from Simrock's translation. In the versification he endeavours to imitate 'the quaint and homely simplicity of the original, but has occasionally varied the metre to avoid

⁸⁶ *Reynard the Fox*, a poem in twelve cantos translated from the German by E. W. Holloway, with thirty-seven engravings on steel by H. Leutemann, Dresden, Leipzig and London. No year, but preface dated from Leipzig, 1852. There was a parallel German edition, 'Dem Originale frei nachgedichtet von J. E. Hartmann,' published at Leipzig and Dresden.

monotony.' There is no mention of Naylor and no trace of any influence. The following will show how he acquitted himself of his task :

'Twas on the feast of Whitsuntide,
 The fields were green in summer pride,
 And glittering o'er the mountain's side
 A thousand flowers appear'd.—
 Low from the thicket coo'd the dove,
 And thrilling loud their notes of love
 In every bush, and brake, and grove,
 The feather'd quire were heard.—
 From every bank and every vale,
 The violet blue and primrose pale,
 Perfumed the balmy air ;
 And all below, and all on high,
 The earth, the streamlets, and the sky,
 Were bright and gay and fair.

A 'new version' by D. Vedder⁸⁷ describes itself as adapted from the London edition of 1706 for children, and is in prose. Of a similar nature are the versions by Kokemüller,⁸⁸ Day,⁸⁹ Roscoe,⁹⁰ Mme. de Sanctis,⁹¹ J. Jacobs,⁹² E. L. Smythe,⁹³ and several anonymous story-books.⁹⁴ Of an entirely different type, and most in-

⁸⁷ *The Story of Reynard the Fox.* A new version by D. Vedder, illustrated by G. Canton, London, 1852, second ed. 1856.

⁸⁸ *The story of Reineke the Fox* for beginners, being a supplement to *Stories and Sketches*, for the use of Schools, selected by A. Kokemüller, Hanover, 1853.

⁸⁹ *The rare Romance of Reynard the Fox, the Crafty Courtier*: together with the shifts of his son Reynardine. In words of one syllable. By S. P. Day. With illustrations. London [1872].

⁹⁰ *The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox.* Translated [or rather, abridged from the English prose version of 1694] by T. Roscoe. Illustrated by H. T. Elwes and J. Jellicoe. London, 1873.

⁹¹ *Reynard the Fox*, an old story retold by Mme. de Sanctis. [With illustrations.] London, 1885.

⁹² *The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox.* Edited [from the free translation of F. Summerley, i. e. Sir Henry Cole], with introduction and notes by J. Jacobs. Done into pictures by W. T. Calderon. London, 1895.

⁹³ *Reynard the Fox.* Adapted by E. Louise Smythe. American Book Co. Eclectic School Readings.

⁹⁴ *The Story of Reynard the Fox.* Comical Story Books, 1854.

The Story of Reynard the Fox. With six illustrations from the

teresting as showing the life still latent in the old story, is the recent metrical version by F. S. Ellis.⁹⁵ This book was first printed in 1894, and in general 'get up' vies with Naylor's version. But it is based on the old English version of Caxton. The prime object of the book, says the author, was 'the amusement of the Reader'. The following must serve as a specimen of his work :

'Twas near the days of Pentecost,
 When woods grow green, and Winter's frost
 Is clean forgot; when fragrant flowers
 Bedeck the meadows, brakes and bowers,
 Yet once again, and every tree
 Resounds with gladsome harmony
 Of joyous birds, who sweetly sing
 Welcome to springtide's burgeoning,
 That Nobel, Lion King, and Lord
 O'er every beast that treads the sward,
 Made known his will to hold High Court
 While dured the feast, and bade resort
 Thither, all those who humbly bowed
 Beneath his sceptre; straight a crowd
 Of lieges gathered, great and small,
 To keep the glorious festival
 Proclaimed by heralds; nor was one
 Absent therefrom, except alone
 The Fox, within whose bosom grew
 Alarm for crimes whereof he knew
 His hands right guilty. Small desire
 He therefore had to face the ire
 Of those who justly might complain
 His theft and trespass, but full fain
 Was he to hide his head; and when
 The King of Beasts appeared in ken

stuffed animals contributed by H. Ploucquet to the Great Exhibition. London, 1861.

Reynard the Fox. [With coloured illustrations.] London, 1871.

Reynard the Fox. [Retold from Caxton's edition.] Every Child's Library, 1908.

⁹⁵ *The History of Reynard the Fox.* With some account of his friends and enemies, turned into English verse, by F. S. Ellis, with illustrative devices by Walter Crane. London, 1897.

Of all his subjects, quickly rose
 A storm of wrath from Reynard's foes.
 While each from out his breast unlocks
 Some long-pent grief against the Fox.

This, to my knowledge, exhausts the English versions of *Reynard*. There is evidence, however, that two other English men of letters, H. C. Robinson and J. P. Collier, contemplated translations.⁹⁶ Robinson, with his usual modesty and generosity, abandoned his when he found that more competent hands were engaged on the task, and furthered Naylor's undertaking to the utmost of his power. He had previously urged Charles Lamb to attempt a translation, presumably of Goethe's version.

A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of the story of Prince Dorus, the long-nosed king. Gossiped about writing. Urged him to try his hand at a metrical *Umarbeitung* (working up) of *Reynard the Fox*. He believed, he said, in the excellence of the work, but he was sure such a version as I suggested could not succeed now. The sense of humour, he maintained, is utterly extinct. No satire that is not personal will succeed.⁹⁷

Collier had already proceeded some way with his translation when he heard of Naylor's enterprise. I will let him tell the story of his attempt in his own words, especially as the source is not readily accessible⁹⁸:

A day or two ago, I bought a book which, though not what bibliographers call rare, is uncommon: at least, I have been in search for it for a year or two, viz. *The Crafty Courtier, or, the Fable of Reinard the Fox, &c.* London, 1706. Even before I married, H. C. Robinson often urged me to attempt an English translation, not of the original Saxon work, but of Goethe's *Reinecke Fuchs*, in twelve *gesängen*, as he calls them; and, for that purpose,

⁹⁶ See G. Herzfeld, *Zwei englische Übersetzer Goethescher Gedichte* (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, 1909, xxx, p. 217), and the note, p. 38, of Naylor's *Introduction*.

⁹⁷ Robinson's *Published Diary*, i, p. 171. Entry for May 15, 1811.

⁹⁸ *An Old Man's Diary for the years 1832 and 1833*, for strictly private circulation. London. Printed by Thos. Richards, 1871, p. 112.

H. C. R. gave me a copy of it : but I found that the twelve songs were in hexameters, which may read very well in German, but which do not suit my ears in English. I tried, but could make nothing of them to satisfy me : H. C. R. also tried, and, I think, did equally ill. However, after I had finished, and indeed printed, my *Poet's Pilgrimage*, I thought I would make the experiment, not in hexameters, but in English Hudibrastic eight-syllable couplets ; I adopted for my text '*Reineke de Voss*', as published in 1798 (with a glossary of the *olden sassischen Worde*),⁹⁹ the foundation of all our English prose versions from the time of Caxton to the year 1701, when, I apprehend, the latest impression of 'that most delectable *History of Reynard the Fox*' appeared.

'*The Crafty Courtier*', 1706, I found to be merely a modernization, with names and applications belonging to the reigns of James II, William III, and Anne ; but I determined that my version should be simply a humorous narration of the chief incidents of the droll-wise story, as far as decency would allow ; and I persevered with it at intervals until I had written more than a thousand lines, when I was informed that Samuel Naylor, another friend of H. C. R.'s, had set himself to the same task, and was already approaching the completion of it. I therefore suspended my undertaking ; and I was the more ready to do so, because I heard that Naylor had printed a specimen of his version (in eight-syllable lines like mine), and intended, chiefly at his own cost, to make it a beautiful book. I did not burn what I had done, and it remains now among my discarded papers. H. C. R. speaks well of what he had seen of Naylor's work : I grew weary of mine.

⁹⁹ *Reineke de Voss mit eener Vorklarung der olden Sassischen Worde*. Gedrucket to Eutin, 1798.

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Samuel Naylor and 'Reynard the Fox'; a st



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